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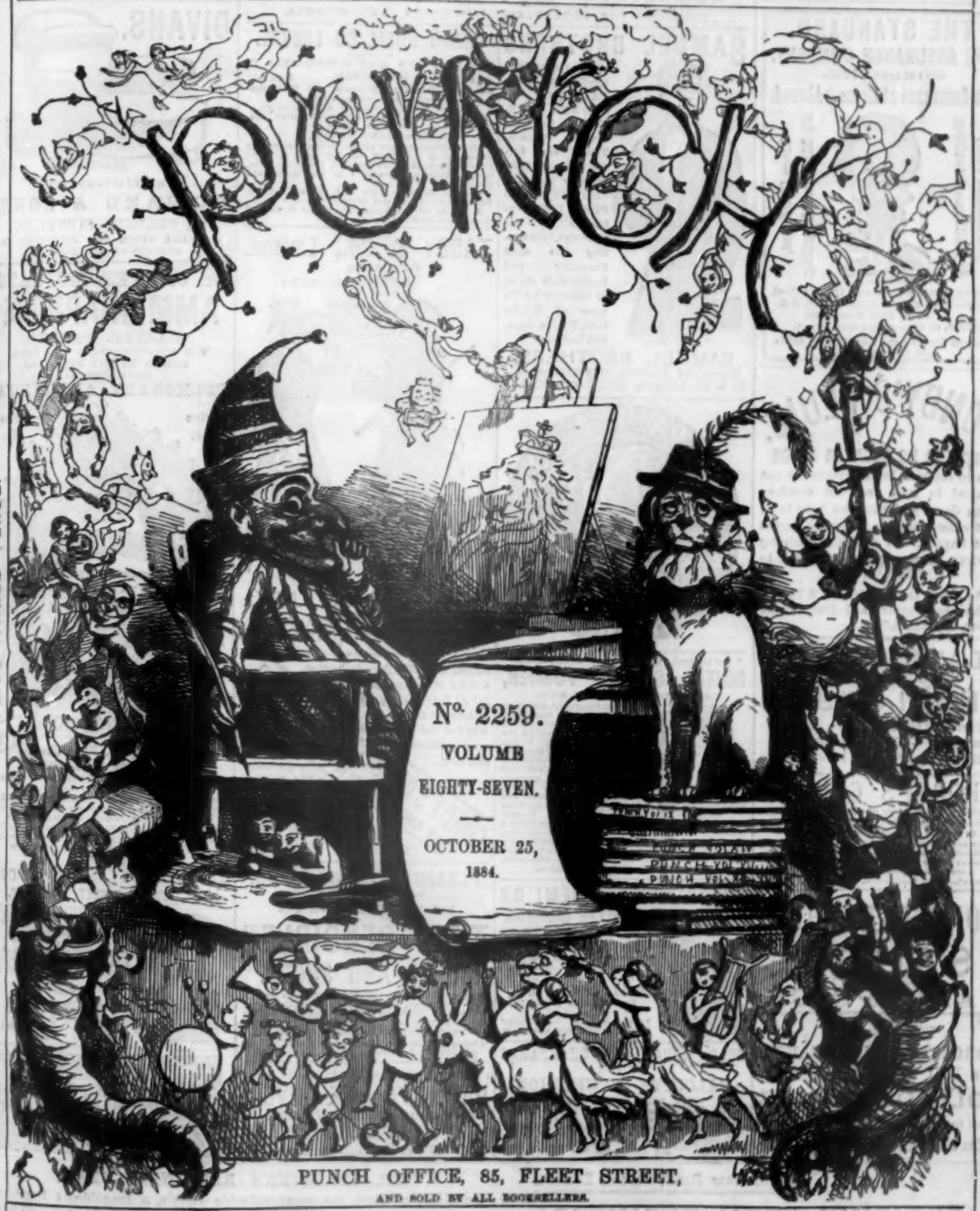

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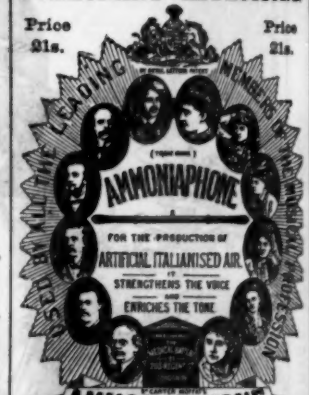

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(*From a Design by Lord R. Churchill.*)

"Good gracious, Gentlemen, picture to yourselves for one moment a House of Lords composed of nothing else but fac-similes of Sir William Harcourt!"
From Lord R. C.'s Speech at Birmingham.

THE FLAME ONCE KENDAL'D.

The last words of one of the Oxford Reformers to his fellow sufferer were to the effect that "they had on that day kindled such a fire in England as would never be extinguished," and so we may be permitted to say, as our last words on the subject, *pro tem.*, to a certain Lady, who is "only an Actress in her husband's theatre," that she has Kendal'd such a fire as will take a considerable time to put out. In her hitting-all-round Brummagem speech,—"written at the request of Sir Richard Temple,"—a gentleman henceforth to be known as the Temple of the Drama,—this Lady reprobated all advertisement, and yet in this month's *Theatre*, which contains a just and temperate, though far from exhaustive article, by Mr. Clement Scott, on the aforesaid Brummagem speech, we find a fly-page of advertisements slipped in, with this among them:—

Crown 24mo, limp parchment, 1*s*.

The Drama.

By Mrs. Kendal. A Paper read at the Congress of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, Birmingham, 1884. With a Portrait and Autograph.

The modesty of the title, "*The Drama*"! And then "*With a Portrait and Autograph.*" That the pamphlet might have been published without being any more an advertisement for its author than the reported speech of any other celebrity, we admit; but why the photograph and autograph? Why? To assist the sale, of course, which otherwise might have been somewhat limited; and so, incidentally, as no one knows better than Mrs. Kendal, who is laughing at us all in her sleeve—bless her! and may she long live to laugh!—this illustration and sub-scription become a *réclame* for the talented Actress.

Now, be it understood, *we* don't object to autographs and photographs, far from it, for as the song says, "We all do it!" and this sort of thing in the present age is fair in every kind of business; but as Mrs. Kendal has publicly set her face, so to speak, against photographs, and, for the matter of that, against all forms of advertising, why isn't she consistent?

We know that there is a considerable difference between theory and practice; only, when the distinction is made so palpable in one instance, it is natural and logical to question the consistency of the lecturer in every other respect. If Cardinal Manning, inculcating total abstinence as a duty, were detected in drinking one glass of wine, all the influence of his preaching on this subject would be gone for ever. His power lies, as the power of every enthusiast must lie, in his squaring his practice with his teaching. If an Actress preaches self-effacement, in the matter of advertisements, as a professional duty, let her forthwith set the example herself. Perhaps Miss Mary Anderson will follow suit, and suppress those classic studies of the female form divine between which and those of the Lotties and the Totties of our extravaganzas and pantomimes we see very little distinction, except what there is in the name of the Actress. For, let it be once known far and wide that a lovely woman, exhibiting in classic drapery the exquisite gifts of Nature touched up for Stage purposes by theatrical Art, is in her private life a model of all the virtues, and this will serve as an attractive advertisement to many goody-goody people who might otherwise have avoided what would have appeared to them, when forming their opinion of the piece and Actress from the photographs, to be merely the assumption of a certain character on account of the opportunity afforded by it for suggestive display. Then let it be bruited about that she has refused offers of marriage from a Lord Chancellor, a Lord Chief Justice, two or three Dukes, an Archbishop, and half-a-score or so of Lordlings, and all the best parts of the theatre will be crowded for weeks. Nay, raised prices wouldn't keep out the distinguished and respectable Public, including the Clergy who have hitherto been contented with the excellent drawing-room theatricals at the Entertainment associated with the blameless name of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed.

The strictest virtue, cleverly advertised, is a greater attraction than the most notorious reputation for profligacy. The latter will attract some: the former all. And so, nowhere more than on the Stage, is Virtue its own reward.

But, to return to the pamphlet which served for the text of these remarks; our marvellous letter-writing, travelling, stump-orating Premier might find it worth his while to take a hint from Mrs. Kendal, and give us a little publication in tract form, entitled, *Five Minutes for Refreshment; or, Model Platform Addresses delivered from the Windows of Railway Carriages, by the* Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. *With Instantaneous Photographs, and Autographs written in the Train and thrown out in passing.* We commend this to speculative publishers, and only request that on the title-page they will not omit to mention the suggestion as coming from *us*.

"Music for the People."—Yes, by all means; but the class which the mild busybodies, who have to invent novelties from day to day to give their idle hands something to do, call "The People," will never come to concerts where they are ostentatiously patronised and educated. "The People" are quite sharp enough to see through this. Let the music *for* the People come *from* the People. The proof of an entertainment's popularity is its "paying well." Give "The People" what they don't want, and all the bribes in the world won't induce them to take it. Find out what they do want, sell them that at a reasonable price, and they'll "ask for more."

A STRANGE WOOING.

A Scene from "Richard the Third," adapted to the European Boards.

"We have explained why we have no longer an alliance with England, and why in China as in Egypt we shall perhaps be compelled to accept the support of Germany."—M. Gabriel Charme *in the "Journal des Débats."*

Gloster. "It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be revenged on him that—loveth thee!"

* * * * * *

Anne. "I would I knew thy heart!"

Lady Anne . . . . France.
Duke of Gloster . . Prince Bismarck.

Lady Anne. Avaunt, thou Minister of Blood and Iron!
Thou hast had power o'er my dismembered state,
My soul thou shalt not touch; therefore begone!
Gloster. Sweet Saint, for Charity be not so curst!
Anne. Harsh fiend, for Heaven's sake hence, and fret me not,
For thou hast made a happy land thy spoil,
Filled it with curses loud and deep complaints.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Regard the scene of thy past butcheries.
O Gentlemen, see, see poor France's wounds
Open their scarce-healed wounds, and bleed afresh!
O earth, which this blood drinks, revenge its shedding!
Glo. Lady, you know the law of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses?
Anne. Tiger, *thou* knewst no rule of ruth or mercy.
Thine iron heart felt not the touch of pity.
Glo. Vouchsafe, most charming but much angered woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave,
By explanation, to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, most rugged and most ruthless man,
By thy known mischiefs to thy fallen victim
To give that victim leave to curse thyself.
Glo. Fairer than Art can paint thee, let me have
Some patient hearing, to excuse myself.
Anne. Uglier than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse now that shall not shame thyself.
I'd hazard all to be revenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural
To be revenged on him that—loveth thee.
Anne. It is a quarrel just and natural
To be revenged on him that stole my lands,
Left me alone, reft of mine old ally.
Glo. He that estranged from thee thine old ally
Is able now to help thee to a better.
Anne. Name him!
Glo. *Myself!*
Anne. I would I knew thy heart.
Glo. 'Tis figured in my tongue.
Anne. I fear me both are false.
Glo. Then never man was true.
Anne. Well, well—put up your sword.
Glo. Say then our peace is made.
Anne. That we shall see hereafter.
Glo. But may I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so. [*Exit* Lady Anne.
Glo. Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her—but I will not keep her long.
What! I that slew her sons and snatched her lands,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The shackled witness of her hatred near,
Having pride, her vanity, and these bars against me,
And I no aids to back my suit withal
But plain blunt speech and diplomatic looks,
And yet to win her, all the world to nothing!
Ha! ha! ha! [*Exit.*

WHEN THE BILL COMES IN!

(*Constitutional Tragedy, in Permanent Rehearsal*)

ACT I.—Scene—*A Public Place.* Alarmed Patriots *discovered discussing the Scare of the Hour.*

First Alarmed Patriot (*with confidence*). As you truly say, with the Navy in this condition, and the stability of the whole Empire—as a consequence—not worth three days' purchase, why, the Prime Minister that would have the foresight and the pluck to come and ask the country point blank for ten, ay, for twenty millions of money, might do what he liked with her afterwards!

Second Alarmed Patriot (*enthusiastically*). That he might! There's no question about it. Political parties may squabble, and have their differences; but on this question of National Security—it is with pride I say it, as an Englishman—there is nothing but spontaneous unanimity. Public opinion is fairly roused at last!

Third Alarmed Patriot (*with tears in his voice*). You are right—it is. We often have to bear the reproach of being called a Nation of Shopkeepers, but, thank Heaven, there are planted in the breasts of the great bulk of us feelings that run deeper than mere paltry considerations of outlay and expense. I am not myself a rich man; but to know that the *Insurance* of my country was safely paid up, I should regard even an extra shilling tacked on to the Income-tax in the light of a positive boon, and pay it willingly, cheerfully—ay, I might even add, joyfully.

First Alarmed Patriot. Ah! And so should I!

Second Alarmed Patriot. And so indeed should I!

Third Alarmed Patriot. But it is the shabby niggardliness of a set of cowardly, pettifogging Statesmen who, ignoring the vigorous and patriotic beating of the country's pulse, bring her to the very verge of ruin itself, in order that they may themselves enjoy a few brief hours longer the sweets and emoluments of office.

Enter a News-Boy with the Contents Bill of an Evening Paper, announcing the determination of the Government to promptly and materially add to the Naval Defences of the Country.

First Alarmed Patriot. Come, this is something like! (*Reading.*) "Large increase of Torpedo Fleet." "Order for twenty new fast Steel Cruisers." "Laying Keels of ten First-Class Ironclads." "Coaling-Stations put in a condition of Defence." "A Vote of Credit on Account to be asked of Parliament." Capital! This is as it should be! There's more stuff in the Government than I thought. Three cheers for them! Well, all I can say is, when the Bill comes in, *I* shan't mind putting my hand into my pocket!

Second Alarmed Patriot. I should think not. Nor I!

Third Alarmed Patriot. No, indeed. Nor I!

[*They throw up their hats in the air with satisfaction, and execute a wild dance in honour of a "Generous Patriotism," as Act-drop descends.*

ACT II.—Scene—*Another Public Place. An interval of six months is supposed to have elapsed between Acts I. and II.* Reassured Patriots *discovered discussing the details of the New Budget.*

First Reassured Patriot (*in despair*). As you truly say, the Navy be hanged, if *this* is the kind of Budget a set of reckless and spendthrift Ministers mean to try and thrust down the throats of a patient but reasonable people! "Putting the defences of the country into a satisfactory condition" indeed! Do you think John Bull is such a blind old fool as to be gulled out of a million and a half of money for such a mere stupid child's hobgoblin story as that!

Second Reassured Patriot (*furiously*). No! nobody but a Politician gone clean out of his senses would try it on. But he'll soon find out what the Opposition have to say to it. Thank Heaven, there is still such a thing as *Party* left us, and,—it is with pride I say it as an Englishman,—when it is a question of touching the pocket of the Taxpayer, our glorious Constitution knows pretty well how to turn *that* instrument to good account.

Third Reassured Patriot (*with savage glee*). Ha! ha! ha! I should think it rather did! The *honour of the country*, indeed! A contemptible catch-penny phrase, coined to tickle the long ears of the blatant Jingoes who are dolts enough to listen to it! and this is the way they ask us to ensure the security of the Empire! by tacking on,—by Jove, they've had the face to do it,—three-halfpence on to the Income-tax! But do you think *I'll* pay it! Why! I'll bring the British Government, and, for the matter of that, the British Empire itself, crumbling about my ears first!

Second Reassured Patriot. Ay! That you would! And so would I!

Third Reassured Patriot. By Jove! I should rather think you would—and so would I!

[*Stand on their heads and tear their hair for five minutes in righteous indignation, then hurry off, to break chair-backs to splinters at a public meeting in the interests of a "Wise Economy," as Curtain falls.*

"THERE'S ALWAYS A SOMETHING!"

Nondescript. "Yer like yer noo Business, don't yer, 'Errer!"

Mute. "Tollol! It's a Profession that 'as its Drawbacks, mind yer. For instance (betwixt You and I), there's so few *Gentlemen* in it!"

LETTERS TO SOME PEOPLE

About Other People's Business.

Dear Henry Irving,

W. B. has done it. Wilson B., like Joey B., is "sly, devilish sly," and he only waited till your back was turned in order to play *Hamlet*.

When Irving 's away,
Wilson Barrett will play.

And now that he *has* done it, I write at once to quell any natural anxiety on your part. Don't you be afraid; it's all right; your position is secure. *Hamlet* Junior has not caught you up, or come any way near you, as far as I can judge from a first night's performance, either as Actor or Stage-Manager. Your *Hamlet* is one thing, W.B.'s is another. "Look on this picture and on that!" So long as the Public pays its money, it is, you will say, perfectly welcome to take its choice.

Theatrical Weather-Box.
Irving goes in for Canada; Wilson Barrett comes out as *Hamlet*.

You will be curious to know wherein W. B.'s *Hamlet* differs from yours. Well,—first, W. B. is nothing if not juvenile. The Cuss of *Claudian* is still on him, and he must be "Young for ever through the centuries,"—in fact, "an evergreen Chappie." So he does his best to assume an untidy boy's appearance, and his suit of sables being cut very low down in front to show his schoolboy's chest, partly disclose the border of some very tumbled linen, which, as there is no visible sign of a turn-down Eton collar being attached to it, suggests the idea of its being one of his mother's old *chemises de nuit* economically adapted to her son's use. He has got up late, and has been too lazy to put on a nice clean day-shirt. And, as he has also neglected to brush his hair, and to tie up one or two mysterious strings connected with his nether garments, H.R.H. young Master *Hamlet* presents a somewhat dishevelled aspect, which would be a disgrace to any young Prince at any Court.

As to the youth of *Hamlet*, I am sure that, if you give your great mind to the subject, you will agree with W. B.'s view; for, if *Hamlet* is not a minor, why is he not on the throne? When his father (afterwards Ghost) died, *Hamlet* Junior was his heir, and, had he been of age, he must have reigned in the defunct Monarch's stead. But *Hamlet* Senior's brother, *Claudius*, could only have come to the throne as Regent during the Heir Apparent's minority. *Therefore*, *Hamlet* must be under twenty-one. His intrigue with *Ophelia* makes it certain that he is over fourteen, unless, schoolboylike, he has fallen in love with a young lady considerably his senior,—and I am not prepared to say that, when side by side with the juvenile Queen, as represented by Miss Leighton, the present *Ophelia* doesn't lend a certain colour to such a theory. That he is at home for the holidays, and about to return to the University of Wittemberg, makes him about the age when a boy leaves a college like Eton to go up to Oxford or Cambridge, say between eighteen and nineteen. That, in the last scene of all, his own Mother describes him as "fat, and scant of breath," puts yourself and Barrett quite out of it altogether, physically; and, were I, who am a rigid stickler for Shakspeare's text, to take a theatre for the production of this play, I should engage neither you nor Wilson Barrett, but Mr. William Hill, now playing in the *Private Secretary*, or Mr. Kemble (a noble name truly, and a good "all round" actor), now at the Lyceum. I will resume this interesting subject when I publish Nibbs' Notes on Shakspeare.

Hamlet's Mother. Quite a Young Thing! "O my prophetic Soul! My Ankles!!"

Great expectations had been raised about the *Ghost!* It was fearfully whispered that W. B. had invented a new Ghost. All ears and eyes for the *Ghost!* How would he come on? Fly on, glide on, or in a dissolving view with a slide?—or how? He comes! Great excitement!! Considerable disappointment was felt when a stout spectre walked on like any ordinary individual, only a trifle heavier, for he wouldn't ride a pound under fifteen stone at the least. Evidently the purgatorial Turkish bath agrees with him, as it hasn't taken him down much. The only novelty about this Ghost is his costume. He is attired in a nondescript sort of garment, contrived out of, apparently, some old star-spangled muslin mosquito-curtains, which ought to have been sent to the wash, in the Stygian laundry below, long ago. He is described by witnesses as in "complete steel," but this only shows how our senses may be deceived where a Ghost is concerned; and the odd part of it all is that *Marcellus*, *Bernardo*, and *Horatio* never thought of mentioning to *Hamlet* that his father's Ghost, when they saw him, was wearing bangles and a pair of blue spectacles. Very natural this last, as even the early morning light on earth must be trying to a Ghost's eyes. When the Ghost is not walking, he gets into a hole in the wall, and from there makes his speeches to *Hamlet*. After this he vanishes, just in the same manner as the Ghost of the Coal-holey *Clement* used to do in the last scene of *Claudian*. So there's nothing new in *that*. His tone, when he speaks, is colloquial, and he is more friendly than formidable; in fact, quite a Ghost to whom you would offer a pair of slippers, and then ask him to chat cosily and tell you all about it, over a pipe and a glass of very hot grog, before a cheerful fire. Certainly, from this point of view, W. B. has invented such a Ghost as never occurred to *you*, eh?

"Alas! poor (very poor) Ghost!!"

Sc. 2.—The King (Mr. Willard) enters as if he had heard a good joke. Roars of laughter. All the Court in ecstasies of mirth at *King Claudius'* latest side-splitter. All, except *Hamlet*, who enters gloomily, and, dressed as I have described. Mr. Willard, having been told that the point of the King's character is "To smile, and smile and be a villain," can't give us enough of a good smile, and, as he is perpetually on the grin, the most painful grin of false merriment (so true to nature, isn't it?), he seems to be in training for the old horse-collar prize at a fair, and promises to become a formidable rival to the traditional Cheshire Cat. If he were described exactly, it would be as "the Eccentric Masher King." Taking the cue from W. B.'s *Hamlet*, all the *Hamlet* family are young, and *Hamlet's* Mother, to judge from appearance and manner, might easily be mistaken for his young sister.

The Masher King; or Self-Help by Smiles.

As to *Ophelia*, Miss Eastlake seemed to me to have settled once for ever the vexed question of her disastrous intrigue with H.R.H. young *Hamlet*. You remember,—no one better,—the air you were always playing to me on the guitar when the Opera of *La Belle Hélène* was all the rage, "*O belle Venus, quel plaisir trouves-tu*," which was known as the "*Cascader*" Song? Well,—Miss Eastlake was more *Hélène* than *Ophelia*, until she went mad, and then, *once*, she startled me. It was a flash, a decided flash of dramatic genius,—but after that, not a flicker.

King Smiler, the villain, naturally hadn't much idea (according to W. B.'s version) of how to decorate an oratory, but, as he owns that

he has forgotten his prayers, this may meet with your approval. Uninspired by a brilliant coverlet and a gaudily painted cross, the smiling Masher King cannot for the life of him recollect so much as his catechism, and so determines on continuing to "grin and bear it."

The Stage-management of this Oratory Scene, and of the scene between *Hamlet* and his mother, is singularly ineffective. In the latter *Hamlet* finds a photographic album on his mother's *prie-dieu*, and compares the portrait of his father, which is in it, with the miniature he is wearing round his neck. They play at the back of the stage, so as to be out of the way of the Ghost. You wouldn't have liked this.

W. B. was evidently so struck by Lady Archibald Douglas's management of *As You Like It*, played out in the open air, last season, that he has adapted the idea to the Play Scene, which takes place in the Gardens of the Danish Palace. The break up of the party was not a patch on your stage-management of the same situation. Take this from me and be happy.

Laertes, as represented by Mr. Frank Cooper, is simply a monotonous, unsympathetic light comedian, receiving the news of his sister's suicide with the heartless, unfeeling jest, "Too much water hast thou, poor Ophelia!" It wasn't up to his performance in *Claudian*. But you didn't see *Claudian*, I suppose.

Gravedigger scene. Effective set. The old jokes went well, given by George Barrett. Odd that the one Grave Scene in *Hamlet* should be the only comic one. The Gravedigger illustrates from "gay to grave," and his scene with *Hamlet* from "lively to severe." The First Gravedigger sends the Second Digger to fetch him a stoup of liquor. But as the First Gravedigger doesn't give his companion any money to pay for it, Gravedigger Number Two doesn't come back again. Shakspeare knew human nature.

The Last Scene is effective at first sight; but here again the stage-management was weak. The stabbing the King was absurd, as the unhappy Grinner waited for *Hamlet* to come and kill him, and then, though *Hamlet* only passed his sword palpably outside his body, where the rapier showed in strong relief against the white robe, so great was the abject Masher's fright, that he gave one last and ghastly grin, squinted horribly, and rolled down the steps on to the stage, dead. A bad finish for a bad man. After this they gave *Hamlet* a chair to die in comfortably, like your friend *Mathias*, but W. B. tumbled off it, and insisted on breathing his last on the floor of the house.

As the last words put into his mouth by the Poet are "The rest is silence!" it was supposed by all who didn't know their man that we should hear no more of Wilson Barrett that night. But no,—out he came again, and then he told us "his heart was full,"—he might have added, as Johnny Toole would have done on such an occasion, "And so's the house." You never make a speech in front of the Curtain on a first night, do you? So, perhaps, you will be surprised to learn that W. B. did, and actually insisted on telling us the story of his life. He commenced as they used to do in the old Melodramas, with "'Tis now five-and-twenty years ago," which caused several people to sigh, resume their seats, and look at their watches. The Gallery and Pit tried to stop him; but Wilson Barrett had got his audience by the buttonhole, and we could not choose but listen. Then he informed us that five-and-twenty (not twenty-five) years ago he was a boy, with sixpence (lucky boy! where did he get it?), and this, his last sixpence, he spent in going into the Gallery of the Princess's (stupid boy!) to see Mr. Charles Kean play *Hamlet*. So great was the contempt conceived by this Infant Roscius in the Sixpenny Gallery for the performance in question, that he said to himself, "Well, if I can't play '*Amlet* better than that old bloke, I'm blowed. I will too!" And so one night he *did* too; and he has become the Manager of the theatre where, a quarter of a century ago, he paid sixpence for admission. The moral of this is, that there is now, we believe, *no Sixpenny Gallery*, and so the boy who is the *Hamlet* of the future will have to stay outside.

The scenery is by Beverley, Stafford Hall (which sounds like a place), Telbin, and Hann, though, if I had observed the polite rule of *place aux dames*, Hann, as-sister Hann, ought to come first. They're all in the hunt, but Beverley comes in first and gets the brush. I've lots more to say, but can't at present. My heart goes out to you! Please return it by next mail to yours sincerely, Nibbs.

Italian Opera at Her Majesty's.—Mr. Samuel Hayes hasn't been in for an Operatic spec. for some time, and in Musical Circles Hayes has been mist. An Italian Opera Winter Season at reasonable prices ought to be popular, and should repay Mr. Hayes to a very pretty tune. The "'Stars' of the Summer Night" will be absent, but there is one name in the list, *viz.* that of Signor Padilla, which is a *tour de force* in itself. At the Lyceum a few years back his *Figaro* was the best, bar Ronconi's, within our recollection, and we've seen a few. His *Don Giovanni* was delightful, and he is a thorough Artist. November is foggy; and one Haze more, Mr. Sam Hayes, in the Haymarket, won't signify. Anyhow, we trust the Musical Public will be ready "to stand Sam."

THE WAIL OF THE CHILDREN.

(*With Apologies to the Shade of Mrs. Browning.*)

"To look at these half-starved children in London Schools is to be 'full of pity.' Very touching is it to think of the quiet heroism with which, when hunger is gnawing within and the dull misery of want overflows them, they sit uncomplaining at their little desks, toiling at their allotted tasks, wondering, no doubt, sometimes what it all means, but bearing their burdens patiently."—*Dr. Crichton-Browne's Report on Over-pressure.*

Do you hear the Children wailing in the daytime,
And the watches of the night;
Far too sad are they for pleasure in their playtime,
Or for laughter and delight.
They are old before their age and worn and weary,
And their little heads are bowed upon their books;
"For this life at school," they say, "is very dreary,"
And there's listlessness and languor in their looks.
And all day, the Wheel of Education,
By the orders of the State,
Whirleth round in every school-room in the nation,
Like the direful Wheel of Fate.

It is hard to see the Children growing older,
With such heavy eyes and dim,
As you mark the pallid cheek and rounded shoulder,
From this stern pedantic whim.
They are suffering from a sempiternal dead ache
In the tortured brows that know so little rest,
And they fly to ease the constant "School-Board head-ache,"
On a mother's or a sister's kindly breast.
For all day they toil on in their classes,
With an earnestness too sad;
It is well that we should educate the masses,
But not drive the Children mad.

They come breakfastless from alleys in the city,
Undersized and underfed,
They are starving, and we give them—more's the pity!
Education and not bread.
And we work their brains through every changing season,
Till the ceaseless labour stupifies and numbs;
They are sleepless, and they give the childish reason—
"I can't get to sleep for thinking of my sums!"*
For all day the labour seems quite endless,
In this philanthropic land;
Oh, ye Women! are the wastrels then so friendless
That ye will not lend a hand?

We are wearing out the Children's nervous tissue,
And enfeebling many a brain,
And the doctor can alone foretell the issue—
Of this tremor, or that pain.
But we see the eyes grow dim that should shine brightly,
We can mark the faltering footstep on the floor,
And the ashen lips that should laugh out so lightly,
Seem to lose the power of smiling any more.
While all day the treadmill goes on faster,
Like a pathway to the grave;
And though Science points to danger and disaster,
Still the Children have to slave.

It is well to praise the spread of education,
And the people need more light,
But the horror of each long examination
Haunts the little ones at night.
Here are Children born 'mid London's toil and traffic,
They are bloodless and half-starving we can see;
And we feed them with statistics geographic,
And, in place of bread, we give them "Rule of Three."
How long then, we ask it in all sadness,
Can such laws be deemed the best;
While the Children, through brain-fever and through madness,
Seek the graveyard—and their rest!

* A fact. See Page 27 of the Report.

"What on earth have they been trying to do to the Meridian!" exclaimed Mrs. Ram, horrified. "Good gracious! if they're going to alter that, what will become of the Equator? My dear, I'm an old-fashioned woman, and I hold with its being positively wicked to move your ancient landmarks."

Overpressure in Board Schools.—The excessive pressure which poor scholars endure from being sat upon.

DIFFERENT EFFECTS OF SHYNESS.

(*It causes Wilson to forget the Names of Things, Places, and People he is talking about, and thereby robs his Conversation of much of the Charm and Interest it would otherwise possess.*)

"Er—ahem—er—there 's really *no* accounting for Tastes! For instance, there 's an old Friend of mine, a well-known Man, called—er—his Name escapes me just now—anyhow he 's by Profession a—a—a—I don't recollect at present the precise nature of his Occupation—but his Office, or his Place of Business, or whatever it is, is in—in—I forget the exact Street—er—er—whereas his Private Residence is near—near—dear me! what *is* the Name of the Square—I 've got it on the Tip of my Tongue!——Well, at all events, it struck me as very odd in that *kind of Man*, his Business being *what* and *where* it is, that he himself should reside—er—er—where he *does*, you know!"

[*Anecdote falls rather flat.*

COUNT SMORLTORK'S NOTES.

What did Monsieur Max O'Rell mean by calling his book *Les Filles de John Bull?* A general title, when he only deals with a particular division of the subject, is a misnomer. He is, however, fairly complimentary to the good looks and conduct of the class he describes.

He might have taken for his title, *Some Maids of Merry England*, and then he could have given us,—as perhaps he will, not having by any means exhausted the subject, or anywhere near it,—*The House-Maids of John Bull*, then *John Bull's Nursery-Maids*, *Ladies' Maids*, *Kitchen-Maids*, *Old Maids*, *Dairy-Maids*, and so forth.

The present book is not up to *John Bull et son Ile*. His experiences are of genteel families in suburban villas, where he remarks the absence of dressing-rooms, sees inappropriate Scriptural texts covering the bedroom walls—(How did he get there? but no matter)—and is impressed with a general idea of untidiness.

In fact, there 's very little about John Bull's daughters in it at all; but there is a lot of irrelevant matter, and some dialogues which are, apparently, weak imitations of the epigrammatic style of *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé*.

We agree with him in two things, certainly: first, when he professes a decided preference for a young English lad of twenty to a French youth of the same age, and when he expresses his utter astonishment that the Marriage Service should remain as it is in the English Church Service. The Explanatory Lecturing in it certainly has a strong and unpleasant flavour, and is quite unnecessary. Max O'Rell is right, and it seems strange that the objection has not been strongly urged before this. He is complimentary to the Queen and Court, for which they must all feel grateful, as "approbation from" M. Max O'Rell "is praise indeed"!

He repeats the trash about Englishmen selling their wives; but he must know that the only time they do "*sell* their wives" is when they go in for such larks as form the staple commodity of the Palais Royal farces. Mr. Max O'Rell, in a suburban villa, or in a country house, or, in fact, on a visit anywhere, seems to have gone about like Dickens's celebrated *Count Smorltork*, ever ready with his pencil to jot down his observations on men, manners, and sayings, which were entered on his tablets "with such variations and additions as the *Count's* exuberant fancy suggested."

"Wonderful man, *Count Smorltork*," said *Mrs. Leo Hunter*.

"Sound philosopher," said *Pott*.

"Clear-headed, strong-minded person," added *Mr. Snodgrass*.

And so say all of us, in chorus, of our *Count Smorltork*, Mr. Max O'Rell.

W. E. G. on "the Hittites."—Our indefatigable Premier has written to a Mr. William Wright,—the Premier himself being a "Will Write,"—to say that Mr. Wright is all right about the Hittites. It is a good omen that he is interesting himself about the Hittites, but he 'll have to think about the "Hit-outs," if John Bull is to keep up his reputation for pluck, and retain what he has had to fight for.

Old Book and New Edition.—This week will be republished, with additions by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, appealing to Three-per-Cent. Stockholders, Richard Baxter's celebrated *Call to the Unconverted*.

A City Correspondent suggests, that, as a delicate compliment to Alderman Nottage, the Lord Mayor Elect, all cases that come before him should be tried "*in Camera*."

THE BAG-FOX.

VERY MUCH ABROAD.

(Notes of a First Visit to La Bourboule-les-Bains, Puy-de-Dôme.)

No. IX.

A Ride—Result—Laid up—Snatches—Operatic—A History—Origin—The Reckless One—Another Real Invalid—Beginning of the End.

Spicer and myself having nothing better to do, on a fine afternoon after the rain, hire horses, ten francs the pair, for two hours, the cheapest thing of the kind I've yet come across in La Bourboule, where the simple Auvergnat does fleece the tourist-lamb to any extent in the matter of *promenades en voiture et à cheval.* Mine is a wonderful pony; and the saddle and the stirrups were apparently

Open-air Livery Stables. Horses waiting to be Hired at La Bourboule.

originally intended for a rocking-horse. However, both the beasts are '*solides*,' specially mine, and away we go up a mountain-road, which serves as a water-course in Winter, at full galop, without a stumble or a slip, until we find ourselves in the high road, and close to a picturesquely-situated village, *en route* for Saint Sauves.

There we descend: the view is beautiful, reminding Spicer of Surrey considerably enlarged. It reminds me of Surrey and Devonshire mixed, with a little bit of rocky Cornwall thrown in. Quite a fancy-sketch. Our horses descend with perfect ease and safety. We are back by dinner-time; and—we go to bed very early.

The next day I am laid up with a severe cold—the waters are knocked off, and the *traitement* interrupted. Chivers looks in to sympathise with me. I say that I could have caught this cold at home—there was no necessity to come all this way to do it. Chivers doesn't know what the waters are doing to *him*, but he is of opinion that they're all humbug; and he reminds me that it was I who induced him to come here. "I'm getting worse instead of better," says the Gentleman whose name is Easy, as he strokes his nose reflectively; "and if I had only got a servant here to pack up, I'm hanged if I wouldn't go at once. But the packing up!"

The prospect of this exertion, and the impossibility of getting the work done by deputy, is too much for him. He sits and stares blankly at the window. Then he hums snatches,—they are never more than snatches, taken at haphazard, and violently torn away in a maimed condition from the original melody, whatever it might have been,—and marks what he conceives to be "the time" with his stick on the floor. I try to stop him by inquiring where one of the fragments comes from? He doesn't exactly remember; but, to aid his memory, he repeats it over again, adding some other "bits," which he says he *thinks* come from the same Opera. I devoutly wish he had left them there, and not "brought them away with him."

After this entertainment has lasted about twenty minutes he rises, observing, as if pressed for time (the idea of being busy, or pressed for time, at La Bourboule!)—that "he really must go," and then he kindly asks if there is anything he can do for me; whereupon I request him "to go and see the Doctor for me," which, including having his pulse felt for me, he at once undertakes to do, and, with a snatch of melody still on his lips, he leaves me.

Sleep, gentle sleep! I am just dozing off when the Easy One returns. "I say," he says, tapping on the floor with his stick, "you asked me what it was I was humming just now." I reply that I did, and try to evince as much interest as circumstances will permit. "Well, I've just remembered it—part of the march from *Fidelio*—or else it's a bit from *La Gazza Ladra*—it goes like this"—but, just as he is making a dash at the melody, he alights on the wrong note, puts himself out, and, after several vain attempts at recalling it, gives it up, and as he goes out he observes, 'I'll come back directly I've caught it, and tell you what it is. I *never* forget a tune." Much annoyed with himself for the slip of memory on this occasion, he once more leaves me, and I hear him, his humming getting gradually fainter and fainter, trying to recall the lost tune as he walks slowly down the passage to his own room.

While laid up with cold, I commence notes for a short history of La Bourboule. The materials being scant, I apprehend that it will be a very short history.

It was built by Balbus, who was always building walls by way of taking Latin exercise. Hence the first origin of the name. After the death of Balbus and Caius his partner, the place gradually fell into disuse. It was not heard of again till, oddly enough, tradition associates it with England and the name of Cromwell.

The Lord Protector has to go through the *traitement* at La Bourboule in order to get rid of the wart on his nose, which was always annoying him, as the Poet Milton would ask him pointedly, every morning, "Wart's the matter?"

But as the *traitement* didn't do him any good, the Protector, being too impatient to stay out the twenty-one days, flew into a passion, and, adapting his original and striking phrase, which had made such an effect in the House, exclaimed—

"*Enlevez La Bourboule!*" and hoped to see the town razed to the ground. It wasn't, however, as La Bourboule is gifted with everlasting youth, or at least with a perpetual Spring.

I don't get any further at present with my short history.

The place is rapidly emptying. The Easy Eastern Despot, the Reckless Spicer, and my miserable self are the only English patients left.

Spicer thinks he will go out and make a sketch of La Bourboule. He takes a small portfolio under his arm. Being the only stranger visible, his movements attract attention. Nobody is doing anything at La Bourboule now, and the news soon spreads about that an Englishman—an eccentric Englishman—is absolutely going out to amuse himself. *How* he will set about it is a matter of the intensest curiosity to the crowd, who for the first time in their experience have ever heard of anyone attempting to amuse himself at La Bourboule, which, as I have before remarked, is essentially a serious place.

Late in the Season. The only remaining Visitor announces his intention of "going out to amuse himself." Curiosity of the Inhabitants of La Bourboule to see how he will achieve his object.

Later on the Reckless Spicer returns. Where has he been? He doesn't know, and he can't give any particulars, as he has been taking a draught of mountain air, has caught a severe cold, and entirely lost the use of his voice. In pantomime the Reckless One expresses his determination to retire at once to bed. It has been glorious summer up to four o'clock; now it is chill October, and, interpreting Spicer's signals, we order logs to be brought, a good fire to be made, *tisane* boiling to be followed by hot grogs every half hour, and three blankets on the bed. Finally, we all have fires, and all retire early. Such are the delights of La Bourboule in the first week of September. This, as they say in novels, is "The Beginning of the End!"

"MACBETH" ADAPTED TO THE "TIMES."

Hang out the letters in "our outer sheet,"
The cry is still, "They come!"

The Rough Proceedings at Aston Park.—Aston-ishing! What a bad shot that bootmaker must have been who missed Colonel Fred Burnaby's head with an onion! The Colonel is six feet three if he's an inch. But "*ne sutor ultra crepidam*," and this cobbler wasn't an exception. Missed the Colonel, missed the "nut" of the Colonel, and hit a Policeman! The right man got the onion, and he was a Peeler.

OVER-PRESSURE.

School-Board Fogey. "I 'M SORRY TO HEAR YOUR LITTLE BOY IS SO ILL, MRS. BROWN,—AND HE WAS GETTING ON SO WELL AT THE SCHOOL! I MET THE DOCTOR, AND HE TOLD ME IT IS 'PERITONITIS'!"

Mrs. B. (gloomily). "OH NO, SIR. TOMMY 'S VERY ILL, SIR, SURE-LY; BUT I DON'T THINK IT 'S 'PELLY—PELLYTUM'——NO, IT AIN'T THAT, SIR; 'CAUSE, THOUGH HE WAS SO FORWARD, HE COULDN'T SPELL WORDS O' MORE THAN TWO SYLLABLES, SIR!!"

A NEW SCHEME.

SIR,—Political and religious Demonstrations are, in this age, an anachronism. Excepting exceptions, of course, which prove our dictum. Demonstrations are for barbarous nations, whose only mode of expressing their opinion publicly is by tribal dances, whooping, and clan-gatherings. Political Leaders on both sides should discourage all Demonstrations, and so should the newspaper "Leaders." But here's a novel plan:—Start a daily paper, to be called "*The Demonstrator*." Let all correspondence be sent to it; let there be in it no leaders, no news, no telegrams; let it be given up entirely to "men of letters," and let the leaders of the recognised political organs provide the answers to the questions.

Again—as Liberals read the *Standard*, and Conservatives the *Daily News*, if there are to be public meetings, let the Leaders of both parties go out as political missionaries; the Liberal to convert Conservatives, and *vice versâ*. In such a scheme there is both sense and pluck; as what on earth is the use of going about talking to thousands of people, all holding the same opinion as yourself? You can't add to your Party like this. I present these ideas to you, Sir, as the representation of true Liberalism. And am,

Yours ever,

WILLIAM THE SILENT.

A SAILOR'S JOURNAL.

(*Adapted from Dibdin to the sad Circumstances of the Day.*)

'TWAS Prime Meridian, twelve at noon,
By signal I from NANCY parted;
At eight she watched the rising moon,
With wringing hands, half broken-hearted.
At nine, while tautening the fore-stay,
I saw her faint, unless 'twas fancy;
At ten we all got under weigh,
And bade a long adieu to NANCY!

Night came. The theme of every tongue
Was the Meridian Conference. Weary
Of that at last, we piped and sung,
And chawed our quids in confab cheery;
But something weighed upon my mind,
The wildest dreams possessed my fancy,
And fate seemed whispering on the wind,
I ne'er again should meet my NANCY!

And now arrived the happy time
Which every true Tar's spirit rouses,
When safe at home (Meridian Prime)
We hoped to meet sweethearts and spouses.
But round and round the world went we,
Seeking that Prime Meridian! Fancy!
The *darned thing wasn't fixed*, ye see,
And I could not find home or NANCY!

It was, of course, the beastliest bore.
Those stupid Frenchmen had a notion
That fixing it on England's shore,—
England, whose vessels scour the ocean,
And who is owned to rule the waves,—
Insulted France! A foolish fancy!
The vanity to which they 're slaves
Fooled them—and kept me from my NANCY!

We sailed about, all round we steered,
Midst sunshine's gleam and tempest's rattle.
No Prime Meridian appeared!
The Conference was still at battle!
The Frenchman still maintained the strife
To please his egotistic fancy,
Kept many a Tar from his true wife,
And me from my beloved NANCY!

Alas! Confound the Frogs, I says!
Though fair the wind and fine the weather,
I cannot yet forecast the day
When NANCE and I shall come together.
That Prime Meridian serves to floor
My fondest hopes, my warmest fancy.
It's still unfixed, and never more
I fear shall I see it or NANCY.

MR. HARDMAN, Chairman of the Surrey Quarter Sessions, let off the two prize-fighters, MIDDINGS and MASSEY, easily. He has evidently a clear and kindly eye for the noble art of self-defence, within certain limits, such as the rules of the P.R. afford. Messrs. MASSEY and MIDDINGS think him not at all a Hard-man, and will gratefully and gracefully stand up and defend him at any future time. But why not Science and Gloves? It's better than duelling and knives.

SSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, October 22.—House met to-day for Autumn Session. Or was it to-morrow? or will it be yesterday? Really, what with Parliamentary fighting practically lasting all through Recess, and the fresh Session in October, one doesn't quite know where he is. Don't wonder at WALTER, LOYD-LINDSAY, and t'other fellows giving up their seats. Shall presently be the only Member for the county left, and the Barks quartette will become a solo.

DILKE as usual in the first flight to put in an appearance. Pace across floor more headlong than ever, and face more pre-occupied.

"Looks as if the fellow who sold the draught of the Redistribution Scheme to the *Standard* had just turned the corner, and DILKE means coming up with him," said JIM LOWTHER, putting a fresh straw between his teeth.

"Going to pass the Franchise Bill, I suppose?" I ask JAMES.

"Not if *I* know it," he says, with a wink. "If the Lords show signs of caving in, the Markiss and I mean simultaneously to withdraw from the Party. The threat will probably be enough. They can't afford to have affairs dislocated both in the Commons and the Lords by defection of the two principal Statesmen of the Party."

GLADSTONE evidently knows nothing of this. As chirruppy as if just been to hear Royal Assent given to Bill. CHAMBERLAIN also cheerful; but HARCOURT dallies with his double chin, and frowns across the House towards the corner-seat below the Gangway, where reclines a Blameless Youth in sober black. What's that RANDOLPH said at Birmingham the other day?

"A speech, disfigured by the language of a bravo, and animated by the spirit of a flunkey."

"The young puppy!" HARCOURT muttered. "What's the use of having a brother a Colonel in the Militia if a whipper-snapper like this is, unchecked, to go about the country speaking so disrespectfully of me?"

THE FEROCIOUS FORESTER.

"Penny Plain, Twopence Coloured."

[Last Friday Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL was initiated into the mysteries of the Ancient Order of Foresters.]

STAFFORD NORTHCOTE arrived at Half-past Four. Curious way of advancing towards seat. Takes little skips and hops, and makes mysterious *détours*, as if avoiding obstacles.

"Good gracious, what's the matter?" GIBSON cried, as NORTHCOTE, taking a running jump, landed on the Front Opposition Bench. "Not got St. Vitus's dance, I trust?"

"Oh, no, it's nothing. Pray don't notice it. Fact is, that when in the country grew so accustomed to enter and leave a public meeting over chair-backs, broken benches, and tables that had passed through earthquake, can't all at once get over habit. Involuntarily hop and skip, and make-believe to clear a table, when I enter room, and find crowd of people there. But soon pass away."

Pretty good attendance of Private Members on both sides. But low spirits everywhere prevalent. Autumn Session evidently a little draught to swallow.

"House looks as sulky as a bear with a sore head," CHILDERS whispers. "Don't like appearance of things."

"I do," said CHAMBERLAIN, becoming aroused. "If they find themselves dragged up here, and have their work thrown back in their teeth again, it will be lively for the Lords."

Capital Quarters.

THE following is from the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*:—

BOARD and RESIDENCE, one guinea per week. Early breakfast, dinner at seven o'clock. Most convenient for the hospitals.

Early breakfast is a good wholesome institution, and dinner at seven o'clock—though perhaps a trifle early for our own tastes—is by no means to be despised. These we can understand clearly enough. But when we pay a guinea a week for board and residence we do not expect to catch a fever, or break our legs by reason of insufficiently-lighted staircases, or have our heads punched by riotous co-tenants. Therefore, we entirely fail to comprehend why "most convenient for the hospitals" should be specially mentioned. Possibly it is a misprint, and what is meant is "most convenient for the hospitable."

THE ROMANCE OF THE LINE.

(As gathered from some recent extremely painful daily Correspondence.)

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The train had now been two hours and forty-seven minutes in the tunnel. Another hour and three-quarters and he knew he should be, for the nineteenth time, eighty minutes late at the little banking-office in Filter Lane. He knew, too, what that meant—the loss of his clerkship, and the starvation of himself, his family, and his many poor dependent relations. He uttered a prolonged groan. There was no ray of light in the now stifling darkness about him, but he turned pale, and called out, in a feeble voice, once more for the Guard.

"Let me out!" he whined, "let me out, or I am a ruined man!"

At first there was no answer, but presently the gleam of a bull's-eye lantern was thrown brutally on to his trembling features.

"You 'old your row, will yer? Don't yer see you're a-frightening the 'osses?" greeted him from the three-foot way.

There was a loud roar of ruffianly laughter, and he fell back into the carriage with another groan. But the end soon came. That day six weeks——

* * * * * *

So the weary story of his life went on. But now it was to come to a deadly crisis. To-day he was in a first-class compartment, and as the train stole slowly out of the Station, he noticed, with a proper pride, that his four travelling-companions had all the appearance and address of aged but highly-polished Gentlemen. But, alas! how soon was he to be undeceived! Scarcely had the "4·30" passed the signal-box, when, with a wild shriek of excitement, the most hoary-headed of the party dashed from his place, and tearing up the one vacant seat from its position, hurled it on to the knees of his guilty accomplices, who, producing three marked packs of cards and several bags of gold simultaneously, proceeded to play wildly at whist for threepenny points.

"I don't like gambling," he cried, in an agony of propriety.

"Then get under the seat," was the insolent retort, and, not wishing to condone a crime referred to with displeasure in the Company's Bye-laws, he did as he was told.

In another instant, amidst the rattle of dice-boxes, and the exchange of halfpence, he was mercilessly kicked into another compartment, when——

* * * * * *

All was over now!

He was struggling for something dearer than life. He had got a first-class ticket. But who were these—his *compagnons de voyage?*

With a furious bound to the door, he hailed an Official, till now smiling on the platform.

"This compartment is to hold but eight," he shrieked—"and at this present moment it contains nine-and-twenty."

A free fight and a chorus of oaths from the occupants of the carriage, for a few moments drowned his expostulation. Then the Official answered him—"You're a nice 'un! you are!" he replied. "As if you didn't know you was a going to the 'Ealtheries, and enjoyin' of yourself on the 'District.' Well, I never!"

He was furious. "But——" he yelled; and he would have continued, had not the door suddenly opened, and five coalheavers and their sweethearts, a drunken sailor, an Archbishop, and two fishmongers, dashed into the carriage, and made themselves as easy as they could on the luggage rests. There was a shrill whistle, and the train moved on. Then he swooned. When he came to at South Kensington, a deadly scuffle, in which one coalheaver and the Archbishop

* * * * * *

UNLIMITED LEWES.

A Correspondent, signing himself "St. Anne's," writing to the *Times*, in defence of the Guy Fawkes' Day Celebration at Lewes, said, "Boys will be boys wherever they are." True, but they need not be "Bonfire Boys," of which title some of the Lewesians are so proud. Would the respectable quiet-loving inhabitant of Lewes who refused to subscribe to this festivity be a very popular person? Would his windows, if unbarred, be respected? The letter (subsequently in the *Times*) from a Baptist Minister who wouldn't subscribe (and quite right too under the circumstances as stated by him), proves the contrary. If his windows were broken, what would he get for his panes? Would the Bonfire Committee pay up, or jovially find "an excuse for the glass"? We fancy that only subscribers to the Bonfire Fund are entitled to be recouped for any damage or loss. From a certain hour, the *route* through Lewes is obstructed, and travellers have to get round the town as best they can. At least this used to be so, and Lewes appears highly conservative in respect to the observance of the Fifth of November.

Having ourselves, some years ago, witnessed the celebration of this Guy Fawkes' Festival at Lewes, we are reluctantly compelled to admit, in a general way, the truth of the Baptist Minister's account. To compare it with a Continental Carnival is unfair to the Carnival.

It is said that, the day after, the Magistrates have no charges before them for riotous conduct, and so forth. But as the police are not ostensibly on duty on the Bonfire night, and as their appearance on the scene would be construed into an interference with the Liberties of Lewes, it isn't very likely that any offender would be arrested, seeing that there is no one to take him up. "On such a night," *Dogberry's* directions to the Constables are in full force at Lewes. However, those who do not like all this "celebrating" can stay away, and, as long as the residents don't object to "playing with fire," no outsider need complain. *Mr. Punch* is the last person to object to a squib,—specially if a more or less harmless political squib,—but he would be very careful to ascertain what, as a matter of business, was the precise view of the matter taken by a Fire Insurance Company, before he rented a house in Lewes. That's all.

BALLAD OF THE BACILLUS.

A sort of microscopic fry,
Bred through a fermentation,
Some hold, though Doctors differ, by
"Spontaneous generation,"
Were known to Naturalists before
The reign of Queen Victoria;
But then those animalcules bore
The name of *Infusoria*.

Now, still evolved since Mother Globe's
Mammoths and *Megatheria*,
They're *Micrococci* called, *Microbes*,
Bacilli and *Bacteria*.
Infusion aqueous, made of hay,
Engenders the *Bacillus;*
And in our bodies, too, they say,
'Tis formed to plague and kill us;

The phthisic, thus, *Bacilli* cause,
If not the gout, the colic,
As well, while they, by Nature's laws,
In Man's frame frisk and frolic;
The smallpox also, and the cow;
Which latter a variety
Produce, whose traces won't allow
The former sort's society.

Bacilli! Bother all that breed,
Which, small as motes, or smaller, a
Detector has descried, we read,
And spotted them in Cholera.
It looks as though they lurked in each
Complaint mankind that seizes:
So many, Science tends to teach,
Bacilli as diseases.

But then maybe that they abound
Where they are not suspected,
And soon will be in fluids found
And solids uninfected.
Sing, Life is short, and Art is long,
And so is even Science,—
May ultimately turn out wrong,
And stultify reliance.

AN INTELLECTUAL ATMOSPHERE.

The *British Architect* tells us of a Rossetti colony about to be established at Chelsea. The Rev. H. R. Haweis now lives in the house formerly occupied by Rossetti. We are further told that—

"A street of Queen Anne houses has been built on a part of the garden at the back, and these, it appears, are to be let only to persons associated with literature and art."

It strikes us this street, whatever it may be called,—Rossetti Row, or Great Wilde Street,—will be an extremely dull one to live in. Nothing is so offensive as intellect *en évidence*, and for every one to be so "awfully clevah" on both sides of the street would be more than the average householder could stand. Besides, who is to decide who is literary and artistic? Some people reckon advertisement agents as literary men, and many house-painters account themselves artists. If would-be tenants have to receive a literary or artistic diploma from the house-agent, it is probable there will be a good many vacant houses in the aforesaid street.

"*Racecourse and Covert Side.*" By Alfred E. Watson. It has an excellent start and a first-rate finish. It is good going, and no jumping necessary, from cover to cover. The story of "The Best Little Horse in the World" is capital. "A Mincing Lane M.F.H." is in the true Jorrocksian vein. These, with "A Day with Tom Cannon," and "Behind the Scenes," are, to our thinking, the pick of the pottle. Sporting books which shall interest and amuse not only sportsmen (like ourselves) but also unsportsmenlike persons, are very rare, but this is one of them. Yet the Comedy of Sport is full of variety. *Jorrocks* is the *Pickwick* of the Hunting Field, and *Soapy Sponge* is immortal.

Redistribution for Choice.—Gladstone's and Hobson's.

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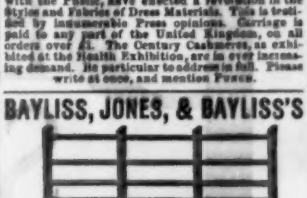

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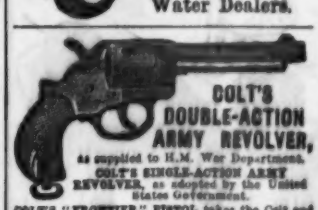

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